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A SERMON ON SCOLDING.

BY JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

JOB v. 21: "The scourge of the tongue."

I WISH to preach a sermon on scolding. I hope to treat it in a large way, so that it may include many persons and classes. It is difficult to find a text for such a sermon; for there is not much scolding in the Bible. We might expect to find examples of it among the prophets; for their office led them to rebuke kings and people. But rebuke is not scolding; and there is a depth, solemnity, and power in their rebukes, which save them from this category. Nor is there any scolding in the New Testament. All rebuke of sin is so joined with compassion for the sinner, in the words of Jesus and the apostles, that it does not deserve at any time this name.

There is, however, a passage in which the tongue is compared to a scourge. The tongue is also compared to a sword; and so it is in hot and angry debate, when men fight each other with their tongues, and sharp words pro-

duce sharper ones, till at last each draws blood. The secret slanderer uses his tongue as poison or as a dagger; privately, and with safety to himself, reaching the best life of his foe. But the scold lashes his friends as well as enemies, — lashes all about him with his tongue. It is his whip, his scourge; producing constant annoyance and pain, but never reaching any vital organ.

We must first ask, What is scolding? Let us try to define or to describe it.

All fault-finding is not necessarily scolding. There are two ways of finding fault. We may find fault with a person out of love to him, or without love. If there is moral indignation against wrong-doing, joined with love to the wrong-doer, it produces Christian rebuke. But the same indignation, without love, produces scolding. It is, therefore, a one-sided action of the moral sense. It is the action of conscience separated from love. An irritable conscience, joined to a selfish, cold, unsympathizing heart, and where there is fluency of tongue, produces scolding. It may, therefore, be defined as *a fluent and uncharitable conscientiousness.*

Now, the two halves of goodness being justice and mercy, — the love of God's perfect holiness, and the love of man's finite possibilities, — the love of abstract truth, and the love of concrete personalities, of man ideal and man actual, it follows that there are two main and opposite defects of human character. If a man has mercy without justice, charity without piety, his love wants edge: it is mere concession and acquiescence, and does no one much good. Thus a mother indulges her children, and spoils them. A minister prophesies smooth things, and his soft word breaks bones. If it is justice without mercy, it is harsh, hard, and disagreeable. That does no good, either. It is the right *material* for making a scold.

Now, it is not difficult to distinguish Christian fault-finding from scolding. He who finds fault out of love will only do it *when* it will do good; but a scold finds fault always. The first finds fault the most with those he loves the most; but a scold finds fault with every one. Then the first will find fault reasonably; but the other unreasonably, making no allowance for circumstances. There is something also in the tone of voice and the manner that marks the difference. I have known people who found fault so sweetly, that it was a pleasure to hear it, — a pleasure to be found fault with. But what a sharp, hard, querulous tone the voice has in scolding! No one, I think, ever liked to be scolded.

We ask, in the second place, What varieties of scolds are there in our community?

We shall treat, in the first place, of DOMESTIC SCOLDS; and then we shall go on to speak of scolding *clergymen*, scolding *sectarians*, scolding *reformers*, and scolding *conservatives*. It has usually been thought that scolding was confined to the domestic fireside and to women; but we see no reason for this limitation. There are certainly men-scolds as well as women; and I do not exactly know why, when we hear of scolding, we should so often think of a woman. If our definition is right, there should be fewer women-scolds than men; for they have more of the quality of mercy, more of kindness, than men. Perhaps one reason is, that merciless men have other ways of venting their ill-will; women, only their tongue. Men knock each other down, shoot each other: women only talk. The second reason may be, that women are naturally more fluent; and a third, that their feelings are more quick; they become excited sooner.

The art of domestic scolding is perhaps carried to its highest point by unskilful teachers, and by housekeepers

in the Slave States. In those States, I have known mistresses who did little else than scold from morning till night. The field-slaves are lashed with the whip; the house-slaves, with the tongue. There is there a languid sort of mistress, too indolent to scold; and an energetic sort, who stand over their slaves with their tongue from morning till night.

But when I hear a parent scolding his children, a mistress her servants, a teacher his pupils, I feel more compassion for the scold than for the persons scolded. *They* soon get used to it, and do not mind it; but who ever got used to scolding? How hard a lot to be obliged to govern, and to have no weapon or instrument but this very inartificial one! What a strain of strength! what an amount of force misapplied! always working at disadvantage, always having hold of the short end of the lever. When, in every thing else, labor-saving machinery has been introduced; when we no longer *write* books, but print them with power-presses; instead of the sickle, use M'Cormick's reapers; instead of the oars, use steamships, — how hard that so many mothers and mistresses should still be using this rudest of instruments! It is as though we should dig corn with our hands, chop wood with stone hatchets, grind corn and wheat in hand-mills, and try to cross the Atlantic in row-boats. We read that the Persian troops were driven into battle with whips: consequently, a few thousand Greeks were able to beat back a million of Persians. Now, some poor mothers are driving their children before them from morning till night by complaints, commands, objurgation, reproof: that is the only way they know. I wish I could make them see how much better it would be to study a little the child's nature, and learn to attract it. I have seen other mothers or teachers, who would attract children on toward what they wished

by a little ingenuity; playing upon the child's motives as a skilful musician touches the keys of an instrument, and so educes from it beautiful music. The difference between two such teachers is like that between one of our drovers and an Eastern shepherd: the first following the sheep with his whip, striking, screaming, and shouting; the other walking before them, and they following him. The last is the true shepherd. For example: A mother finds it hard to get her children ready for breakfast, ready for school: so, every morning, she goes through the same hard process of scolding. Another finds some simple device by which to attract them. "Come," she says, "see which shall be dressed first: the one who is shall go and walk with me." Or, "Come," she says, "children, get ready, and I have something you shall help me do;" or she explains to them, in some quiet hour, the importance of method and punctuality, and induces them to make plans and form schemes of their own for acquiring these habits.

Next we will consider the case of SCOLDING CHRISTIANS.

There are those who mean to be Christians, and who think they are doing a Christian work, — rebuking sin, rebuking infidelity, scepticism, heresy; who are, in fact, only incorrigible scolds. They have no love for those whom they attack or rebuke. They have no sympathy with wrong-doers.

Many of the great Fathers of the Church have gained their great reputations in this way, by attacking heretics and pursuing heresies. They have devoted life, thought, will, unbounded energy, untiring industry, to scolding on a large scale. But the good they accomplished in this way was very partial. They beat down heresies, which presently re-appeared again in another place and under another name. They were like men who mow down

weeds instead of uprooting them. Justly celebrated for acute and strong thought, eminent for devoted industry and integrity, this habit of scolding has vitiated all their efforts, and nullified the results of their genius and enthusiasm. Across an interval of two thousand years, men still read and admire the thoughts of Homer, Plato, Aristotle, Sophocles, Virgil, Tacitus; but who reads Jerome, Athanasius, Augustine, Tertullian? — men their equals perhaps in genius, their superiors in moral enthusiasm and spiritual life. No one reads them, — not even theologians: only here and there a patient student makes excavations among these ruins, in hopes of finding some buried fragment of beautiful thought. Scolding has been their ruin, — has made their genius and their industry alike valueless.

A similar fate has befallen more recent controversialists. The writings of Luther and Erasmus, and of their great Roman-Catholic opponents, Bellarmine and Bossuet, are fast becoming forgotten.

As some manuscripts have been destroyed by an excess of acid in the ink with which they were written, so the acrid, bitter spirit of these great writers has corroded and destroyed their works. Luther's books — full of religious life, glowing with genius, the most vital writing the world has ever known — are mostly unreadable and unread, with the exception of that little genial volume, "The Table-talk," in which, among his friends, he shows his happy kindly nature, and forgets to scold.

So does Time bring about his revenges. These loud, stormy voices, which filled past centuries with clamor and strife, are silent. These great books have sunk to the bottom of the stream, and disappeared. But words of piety, of simple faith and truth, spoken low, out of loving hearts, find an echo to-day all over the world. The little

book on the "Imitation of Christ" — which made so little noise at first, that we are not sure whether its author was Gerson or Thomas à Kempis — continues to be printed every year, and is read every day by thousands.

It will be so with scolding Christians of the present day. Their seed is sown among thorns, and is soon choked. These bitter controversialists are very popular in their time; for men are fond of fighting, and always admire great warriors, whether their weapon be sword, pen, or tongue. But their influence is very superficial, the result of their labor a very trifle. The controversialists, who try to scold men into belief in their sect, make a great mistake. I sometimes see Roman-Catholic periodicals, whose whole staple consists in scolding at Protestants. Protestants, they say, have no faith, — only opinions; no true piety, no real philanthropy, no civilization, no philosophy, no common sense, no morality, no truth, love, or purity. Then Protestants scold back again, and call Roman Catholics idolaters and a great many other hard names. This kind of controversy is time and thought thrown away. To convert a man from his opinions, you must sympathize with him, and, by sympathy, understand what he means; see the truth in his error; lead him, by the truth he already holds, towards some higher truth or some different truth which he has not yet reached. Such converts alone are valuable. Converts made by scolding are not good for much. Weeds may be torn up by the roots in this way, and thrown over the fence; but they wither and die: plants that are to grow must be taken up more carefully, with some of the old earth around them. The Unitarians here in New England have been scolded at for the last twenty or thirty years; called Deists and unbelievers; they themselves compared to Judas Iscariot, and even their belief compared to rum. But what good has it ever done

us? It has prevented us from getting the real truth which there is, no doubt, in Orthodoxy; and so has done us harm. In the same way, we scold our heretics. We try our hand on those who deny miracles and the like. But this will do no good, any more than the other.

The next class of scolds of whom I speak are *scolding clergymen*, who preach more the sinfulness of sin than God's love to the sinner. There are different kinds of preaching. Some preach to the understanding: these are rationalizing preachers; they argue and explain. Some preach to the heart: these are emotional preachers; they move and persuade. Some, again, preach to the imagination and fancy: they are rhetorical or poetical preachers; they merely please the taste. Some preach to the reason: by which I mean the higher intellect, — higher than the understanding; the intuitive power, which sees truths in themselves, while the understanding only sees the relations of truths to each other. These are convincing preachers: they produce conviction. Finally, some preach to the conscience; and they may preach positively or negatively. If positively, they announce the law of duty, and point out practical morality: then they are moral preachers. Or they may preach negatively to the conscience, — denouncing the sinfulness of sin, rebuking vices, finding faults: then they are scolding preachers. They have more of conscience than of love; and they keep the conscience in a perpetual state of irritation. Now, none of these preachers do the true work of a Christian preacher. None of them preach the gospel; because that is addressed to the whole of human nature, — to the understanding, the reason, the heart, the imagination, the conscience, altogether. A scolding preacher has a wrong idea of God and of man. He thinks of God as a taskmaster, of man as wholly depraved. As the scolding

mistress drives her children and servants, lashing them with her tongue; as slaves on the plantations are driven to their work by the whip; as an incompetent schoolmaster can only make children study by whipping them, — driving them into the fair fields of learning by threats and blows: so the scolding preacher thinks he must drive his congregation into heaven by rebuke and by terror. But the essence of Christianity is, that it attracts. The Good Shepherd always goes before his flock; and they follow him. He calls each one by name, understands the variety of character, makes allowance for differences, appeals to each man's speciality, and so rightly divides the word of truth. The sheep know his voice, — that dear, familiar voice, which has helped them in the past; helped them out of doubt into clear conviction; helped them out of discouragement into hope, out of darkness into joyful light. They know the voice, and they follow it.

The next class of which I speak consists of *scolding conservatives and scolding reformers.* I class them together; for, though their opinions are different, their spirit is the same.

The conservatives in our community are a well-disposed set of men, — generally kind, meaning to be just, but, in their relations to reformers, much given to scolding. Instead of making themselves acquainted with the spirit and motives of reformers, they avoid them, and refuse to associate with them. Accustomed to see the community governed — and, on the whole, well governed — by an oligarchy; to see the opinions of a few leading gentlemen taken and followed in all matters, — they are alarmed and indignant at any new incursion of democratic life. So, to all arguments for reform, they reply by scolding reformers. Instead of noticing the proposition, they impute a bad motive to the proposer. They say that the man is a

demagogue; that he seeks notoriety; that he wants office, — he wants money. Many others are led by their example into a like unreasoning scorn and invective against men perhaps better than themselves.

But, if conservatives understand this art of scolding, reformers understand it likewise. This habit has grown to be one of the chief obstacles in the way of reform. A man who is not a reformer goes into some reform meeting, wishing to hear a calm, strong statement of the evils of slavery, of the aspects of the antislavery cause, the obstacles in its way, the steps to be taken, practical measures to be considered, and the duties of the friends of freedom. Instead of this, he often hears ridicule and sarcasm against the churches, and sharp witticisms against every person of influence who is supposed not to sympathize with the reformer. He sees neither justice nor wisdom in this torrent of invective, and he is repelled by it. Meantime, this is what is most liked and applauded by the reformers themselves. The man who says the sharpest thing is the favorite orator. And as each class of reformers keep together, and talk with each other, this habit increases all the time; and so you have, instead of a great league made up of all the friends of truth, a little coterie who spend their time in scolding, and a great public which goes on its way indifferent to the whole subject.

The root of the difficulty is the same in all these cases. Indignation against wrong is not joined with sympathy for the wrong-doer. Those who are opposed to each other in opinion keep apart. They know nothing of each other's motives, and hence do injustice to each other. Any amount of intelligence will not save a man from this ignorance of his opponent's motives, if he keeps away from him. Meantime, the simplest person who hears both sides, and talks with both parties, has a much deeper and wider view of

the subject than either. These eloquent leaders, with all their powers of oratory, their resources of wit, and trained faculty of speech, have often less real insight of their subject than the unpretending but candid seeker for truth, who refuses to be a partisan, refuses to abuse his opponents, and can join charity toward the evil-doer with indignation against the evil done.

We now come to consider, finally, the evils of this system and habit, and the cure for this disease.

The first evil of scolding is, that it *does no good*, and is therefore a waste of time and strength; the second evil is, that it often *does harm* by irritating the conscience; the third, that it does harm by hardening the conscience.

Many habitual scolds, domestic, clerical, and philanthropic, would no doubt stop scolding, if they once saw plainly the fact, that it never does any good. They see something wrong; feel indignation; think something should be done about it; do not know what else they can do; and so scold. Then they feel relieved. Their own conscience is satisfied; they have done their duty; they have freed their minds; they have delivered their souls. They say, "I have given him a piece of my mind." Not so, however: they have not done their duty; for they have not taken pains to bring about the right result. In order that the truth shall do any good, it must be spoken in reason and in love. It is only reason and love which can make a man permanently better. Scolding and whipping may prevent the outward manifestation of evil, but cannot reach the source; and, indeed, I think an occasional whipping would do a child less harm than constant scolding, while it would be more efficient in preventing the outbreak of evil.

But scolding does harm by irritating the conscience; and an irritable conscience is a diseased one. The conscience,

like the nerves, ought to be sensitive, but ought not to be irritable. The injury done to the moral character by a wrong action is often best cured by perfect rest. It is like a wound, which heals best by what doctors call the first intention. Before the sinner has repented, scolding hardens him, and drives him farther off: after he has repented, it irritates him, makes him unhappy, weakens his courage, and takes away that peace, without which there can be no energy or progress. Where the general purpose is to do right, people need encouragement more than censure. Aid them by pointing out what is to be done; encourage them by hopeful words: but be careful how you rudely touch the half-healed wound. An old writer on medicine says that the two best physicians are Dr. Dieta and Dr. Quieta, — diet and rest. So, for the diseases of the soul, Dieta and Quieta are often the best doctors.

And, before people have begun to do right, scolding hardens them. It is a bountiful provision of Nature, that it should be so; for it is better that one should be hardened, and retain his freedom, than be scolded into goodness. Where there is too much light, the pupil of the eye contracts, and admits less. Where there is a continual dropping of reproof, the ear closes, and refuses to hear it. Scolding ministers have a very insensible congregation. So the proportion maintains itself. I have gone into churches, and heard a preacher describe the tortures of the damned, and the vengeance of God, till you could almost hear the crackling of the flames, and see the smoke of the pit! But the people took it quietly; they were quite used to it: they dozed away in their pews. In a severe climate, the epidermis grows thick: so the conscience gets tough under much reproof.

What is the cure for this mischief? It is to combine, with our conscience, regard for the individual, respect for

the human rights of the wrong-doer, — respect for that freedom which is the central power of every soul. The spirit of Jesus is what we need. That makes us humble as well as charitable, — makes us charitable by making us first humble. Those who judge themselves honestly, judge others tenderly.

When the spirit of Jesus comes into a household, and fills the hearts of parents, all rebuke and punishment is administered in a new spirit. We treat the child, not as our child, but as God's child. We feel responsible, not for his good behavior to-day, but for his growth and preparation for eternity. The scourge of the tongue is no longer wielded as the instrument of command; but words of soberness, warmed with heart-love, steeped in prayers, reach the depths of the child's heart, and remain there as seeds of a future harvest.

When the spirit of Jesus enters a Christian church, instead of scolding at heretics, we pray for them; instead of denouncing opponents, we ask their friendship; instead of attacking sinners, we place ourselves by their side, in the consciousness of the same sin. "Thus the gospel conquers," says old Lactantius, "not by fighting, but by dying; not by bitterness, but by prayers; not by sharp words, but by candid hearing."

When I hear Christians sharply rebuking the sins of others; when I catch the tones, harsh and hard, of this inhuman conscientiousness, — there rises before me a picture. I see one of unstained purity, whose life had grown up spotless as the depths of summer skies, standing in the midst of a group gathered together to do stern justice on a criminal. Covered with shame, she stood before him. In an hour of weakness or passion, she had fallen. Her inward torture was worse than the outward shame; the outward shame worse than the terrible punishment which these hard

men, with stones in their hands, stood ready to inflict. So she stands before the judge; and she, in her penitence, — she, the sinner, — was nearer to his purity than her hard accusers. He did not look at them, but said a few words which went below their outward conduct, — went into the depths of their hearts, and appealed to their deepest self-knowledge. "Let him that is without sin cast the first stone." That looking-away from them — not challenging an answer, not watching their confusion, letting his words work, leaving them to condemn themselves, not rebuking the rebukers — showed his commanding knowledge of the human soul. He wrote upon the ground; and when he had finished writing, and looked up, they were gone.

And when I hear men, armed cap-à-pie in a panoply of Orthodoxy, charging furiously against unarmed heretics; rebuking unbelievers and doubters, and making their doubts appear quite ridiculous; bringing all the artillery of logic to bear against the sceptic, as though a man could have truth shot into him from the mouth of a cannon; covering with indignation and ridicule those who cannot believe this fact or that truth, — I think of another scene. I think of one of Christ's chosen Twelve, who, after all he had seen and heard of his Master's power, found it impossible to believe in what eye-witnesses had told him of his resurrection. But he was faithful to his own heart, conscience, and convictions, if unable to climb high into the region of supernatural facts and laws. If it was wrong for him not to believe, he knew that it would be worse to say that he believed, when he did not. This saying that one believes; this outward acquiescence, without inward conviction; this inward lie, outwardly gilded so as to resemble truth, — he was too honest to utter it. Yet this is what almost every church demands; this is the Orthodoxy it enforces, — not right belief, but right words. And, now, what does Christ say to this poor materialist? What re-

buke does he administer to the unbelieving apostle, who insists on having the evidence of his senses before he can believe? He gives him that evidence. He comes into the circle of the Twelve, and turns from the spiritual John, from the devoted Peter, to the one who believed the least of all, and gave him the evidence that he asked for. "Reach hither thy finger, and feel my hand; feel where the spear entered my side; feel the print of the nails; and believe." He did not scold the heretic, but helped him. Go, thou Orthodox champion, and do likewise. And thou who findest it hard to believe in immortality, in miracles, in God, in a higher nature, feel that thou also hast a representative in the circle of the apostles. If the Catholic has Peter, and the mystic has John, and the practical Christian has James, the Rationalist and Naturalist have at least Thomas Didymus, and can say, "Holy Thomas, pray for us!" They may remember, that this very Thomas, doubter and sceptic as he was, was the one who was ready to go and die with his Master. Then said Thomas, "Let us also go and die with him."

Oh the sweetness of sweet words! Oh the beauty of truth spoken in love! Happy the family where rising irritation is always calmed by the soft, tender voice, which comes like balm to the wounded spirit! Happy the church where the minister is not so much a son of thunder as a son of consolation; whose words attract souls, allure hearts to God; and who does not drive but draw men by the powerful magnetism of his own convictions, conduct, and life! Happy the community where scolding politicians, editors, and orators are unknown; where a genial spirit flows through all classes, sects, and parties; where difference is not discord, and fraternity unites hands and hearts in mutual help! —

"Peaceful state, where old religion, like a silver-circling band,
Clasped alike round good and evil, holds in one accord the land."

Happy the soul which loves and blesses with its prayer of love! not hard, sharp, angular, New-Englandish, in its love, but like the soul described in these lines: —

"Breathe thoughts of pity o'er a brother's fall;
But dwell not with stern anger on his fault.
The grace of God alone holds thee, — holds all:
Were that withdrawn, thou, too, wouldst swerve and halt.

Rebuke the sin, and yet in love rebuke;
Feel as one member in another's pain;
Win back the soul that his fair path forsook;
And mighty and eternal is thy gain."

THE REAL LEAVEN OF OUR NATION.

A SERMON BY REV. EDWARD E. HALE.

1 Cor. v. 6: "A little leaven leaveneth the whole lump."

[This sermon was preached by Mr. Hale to his congregation, in behalf of the American Unitarian Association; and was eminently successful. It is one of the frankest and most earnest arguments in behalf of Liberal Christianity which we have had.]

The end of the present war must be the civilization of the Southern States. It will not really end until that civilization is secured. No compromises or armistices can hold together long two peoples who differ as widely as we differ from a people resolved to live in the semi-civilization of the crudest agriculture, of vassal slavery, and that social order which belongs to them.

We are to introduce into the South and South-west new men, new life, and a higher civilization. We are to introduce a new leaven there, in place of the sour and bitter ferment which has disordered, first that people, and then

the whole land. Let us consider the character of that leaven, or the essential principle of American civilization.

The answer is immediate. It comes with all the certainty of commonplace or of cant. When the pulpit puts such a question, you know what the pulpit means to answer. There is not a child in the Sunday school, so young but he would answer it, with the approved, expected, and stereotyped answer. "The leaven of the new civilization," he would say, "must be religion." The press, however thoughtless and ignorant, would say, "Religion." Congress, however careless and indifferent, would say, "Religion." Not an intriguer upon stump or platform, seeking a salary for himself in the new civilization, but would say, "Religion." — "The church and schoolhouse must go together." — "The work of the Pilgrims must be renewed." These, and a score of such phrases, would start out spontaneous, as the answer to the question, "What is the real leaven of American civilization?"

But it is the misfortune of cant and commonplace, that just in proportion as their cries are unanimous and spontaneous do they come to mean nothing at all. Is this religion, which is to be the leaven of American civilization, to take hold of men as the Pilgrims' religion took hold of Winslow and Carver? Is it to interpret duty in every new responsibility, as, with them, "Thus saith the Lord" decided their relations with red man of the forest, with black man from Guinea, or white man bringing ecclesiastical commission from Canterbury? Or is it to be a graceful religion, and an elegant religion, and a gentlemanly and lady-like religion; a religion of soft sabbath-bells, which does not obtrude itself on week-days; a religion of opinions written down and sealed, which does not ask for inquiry; a religion of ceremonies and poetry,

which rouses a little the feelings, but does not subsoil in the regions of conscience and of duty? Is our new civilization really and fairly to be leavened by the spirit of complete allegiance to the present will of God? Unless the leaven be of a purer kind of religion than has been at work till now, the bread which is leavened will be no sweeter than that which has been made till now. The religion which has thus far had almost the complete control of the Southern States has resulted in the perjury of their high officers of State, who have, to a man, broken the oaths which they had taken. It has resulted in the perjury of many of the high officers of the Church, who, without an apology, broke the oaths which bound them to the American Episcopacy; it has resulted in the initiation of war, at a moment when their antagonists were eager — only too eager, as God knows — for peace; it has resulted in the constant dissemination of falsehood, in order to inspirit the people to the conduct of that war; and, through eighty years, it has not wrought out the slightest improvement, in one detail, of the tenure by which they held and worked their slaves. If the religion of the future is to do nothing better for Southern civilization than that religion of the past, it would be well if we could be spared the insult of the superficial salvo which offers religion as a cure-all for our evils.

I charge the demoralization of the Southern country, and its indifference to a higher civilization, to the religion it has pretended to embrace. It is due to the readiness with which it has assented to the formulas of a creed-bound, dogmatic, sacrificial religion. I know that it may be urged that all this is effect, and not cause; that the mechanical character of the religion was demanded by the condition of the civilization. I will grant that the two re-act upon each other. Cause produces effect; and effect, in turn, be-

comes re-acting cause. But it is a fundamental truth in the great discussion of the future, that there will be no substantial improvement in any civilization until there is a substantial improvement in the underlying religion. For as the problem of the future is, "What are we going to do with our subjugated States? — what will we do with the sullen children who raised an impious hand one day against their mother?" — the answer is, "We will civilize them." Of that answer, the substantial part is, that, by some means in the storehouse of God's blessing, they are to be lifted to a higher grade in their religion.

I might safely rest this statement on the fact, that since the literature of this nation was born, now nearly a century, there has not been published by any Southern theologian a volume of theology, in any department, which has made the slightest ripple on the thought of the world. There is not a volume of sermons even, — I doubt if there is a single tract, — on any of the subjects connecting directly or indirectly with the Christian religion, which has so far worked its way along in the esteem of the Church, as to be recognized in its treasury of argument or of edification. But I will not sustain my position by a reference like this to books alone.

The religious system which, under the forms of the Baptist Church, the Methodist, the Episcopalian, and the Presbyterian, has been the only system current in these States, is powerless to lift them to a higher civilization. It tends directly to maintain them, and it is, in a large measure, responsible for maintaining them, in the system of civilization in which they stand.

I know this is a very serious charge. It is a charge, however, which will maintain itself in argument and in history. We know the counter fact, that in all the North, as the method by which he gave it life for his vast de-

signs, God introduced the germs of the Liberal theology at the very moment when he called the nation into being. Those germs were the little leaven, it is true. They have not, alas! leavened yet the whole lump: if they had, we should not have to-day's disunion to deplore. So far as that Liberal theology has advanced, and that with no baby stride, from the points of its planting, this land has had life more abundantly, — sufficient even for the great designs which the Almighty had for America. There has been life enough for republican government, for the settlement of the wilderness, for universal suffrage, for general education, for constant advance in social order; but, where the Liberal theology stopped, these stopped. Where there was no Liberal Christianity, there was and could be no real republican government, no manly subjugation of the wilderness, no wish for general education, no approach to universal suffrage. There could be no advance from the existing social institutions, but rather inevitable decline. These consequences were inherent in the Orthodox religious system.

For, first, in its very essence, in its very claim of Orthodoxy, that system repudiates and dreads inquiry. Inquiry is bound by it to end in certain definite conclusions already laid down and sworn to. Thus, if I am an Episcopalian clergyman, and inquire, I am bound to come out at the Thirty-nine Articles, which I have sworn that I believe before I begin. If I am a Methodist minister, and inquire, I am bound to come out at the twenty articles spared by Wesley from that creed. If I am a Presbyterian or Baptist minister, and inquire, I am bound to come out at the five points of Calvinism, which I have declared I believed before I began. And, of this position, the practical result is, that in those bodies the Christian is most prized, clergyman or layman, who waives inquiry;

who holds, as they say, by the good old landmarks; who is satisfied with things as they are.

Such men are the safe men. They are the sound men. Why should they not be indeed? The system is virtually forced to maintain that all human reason is a delusion. In the false conflict which it asserts between faith and reason, it is forced to pretend that human inquiry leads only to vanity and error; else the name "Orthodoxy," and its implication, that "we have already attained, and are already perfect," must be thrown away.

If the old way is necessarily best in theology, it is a thing, of course, that it is necessarily best in morals; for theology involves every thing. The social institutions you would improve rest on the theology which you maintain. If I am trained to let alone the creed, I am trained by the same process to let alone the social order, which is so absolutely connected with the creed. And so Southern statesmen, Mr. Calhoun and Mr. Davis, have been perfectly consistent in the deferential support they have given to the conservative sects in religion; in separating themselves from the Northern Methodists, — a body of men all alive with the spirit of inquiry; in frowning on all new schools of Presbyterianism; in keeping out absolutely Unitarians and Universalists; and in cultivating to the utmost the conservatism of Episcopacy and of the Baptist communion. The Episcopal Liturgy has kept that denomination in America on the side of a Liberal theology; and its prelates and preachers, in all but the Southern States, have often won honor by their voices in favor of such a theology and the rights of man. But the pressure on them in those States is such, that they have never uttered one word loud enough to be heard in the world outside their borders. The men who are sworn not to inquire regarding God's relations with man will be most certain to pass by, unex-

amined, men's relations with each other. An unchanging theology has cursed the South with unchanging institutions.

Secondly, The Orthodox system is based on the native and total depravity of men. Now, it seems a truism to say, that, if this doctrine is true, democratic government is all wrong. If all men are born under subjugation to Satan, so that even the prayer of the unregenerate is sin, and if only a handful of men are ever elected by Grace Divine from this total depravity, the destinies of men ought not to be trusted to the will of the majority, to the devilish results of their universal suffrage. "The sober second thought of the people is always right," said a New-Haven theologian to me. "How is that possible," I replied, "if all the people were born in sin and conceived in iniquity, and only a few have been rescued by the narrow gate since then?" There is no possible affirmative to this question. If the theological doctrine is true, democratic government must be given up, and universal suffrage set on one side. The world, to be rightly governed, must be left to some one who is elect, — to the Pope, or to some college of cardinals; or to some queen, of whose conversion from her native depravity you have made sure. Let it be governed by anybody who can show any evidence that he is redeemed from the deluge of original sin, rather than give it over to the certainty that it will go to eternal ruin under the direction of a mob, who, in their essential constitution, hate God, and seek after evil.

The distrust of the people, whether by Pharisees or by political aristocrats, is therefore invariably allied to the belief in their natural depravity. Now, it pleased God to make this nation a republic out of States, all of which should have been republican. For that purpose, he introduced into the spirit of its religion the certainty that all

men are his children, and that all, if they will, may partake of the divine nature. The divines who doubted this dreaded the extension of the suffrage. The politicians, of whom Jefferson was chief, who believed it, insisted on universal suffrage; and the great mass of the laity rejected the scholastic theory of their own depravity, because, in their own hearts, they knew it was not true. Because they were not theologians, they insisted on that universal vote, which is a part now of all the Northern constitutions. But a doctrine so convenient is not sacrificed so readily in States where at least half the people are to have no vote at all. There is, indeed, every thing to make one wish to believe the doctrine, if he is in the ruling class. If I am holding four million men without political rights, it is a sad comfort to feel that the great majority of them forfeited all rights when Adam ate the apple. Or at least, if I believe, as a part of my creed, that they have forfeited all moral rights, that they are born depraved, and that totally, I shall be less eager to lift them up to a suffrage and control for which the very God of heaven has left them wholly unprepared.

The Southern States, under such influences, have never become republics. They have been, as they are, oligarchies, governed by a class. First, they have kept the day-laborers slaves, untaught, without right to choose home or master, with still less right to choose governor or lawgiver. Second, they have left the poorer whites untaught, and therefore with no power; and have, as far as possible, connected the suffrage with the possession of property. Third, they have, in all their arrangements, declined submitting, even to the suffrage they created, the acts of the government which they have formed.

All such arrangements, however foreign to a democratic republic, are entirely consistent with the theory of total and

universal depravity of men. That theory, where it is left unmolested, tends steadily to the establishment of oligarchy or monarchy.

I do not claim that you can, in all cases, detect, by an analysis, the processes which I have described; but I do claim, that, while there is no nation in the world where the forms of religion are more respected than in the South, there is none where it has as little effect upon life. I never was anywhere where the same courtesy was bestowed on the officers of religion. But, in the same moment, I could not but see, that Christianity had done nothing to educate the people; nothing to check gambling, duelling, and intemperance, which were received social institutions; nothing to break down caste or class; nothing to ameliorate human slavery. This indifference of a people to the practice of its religion, is the sure result, though unobserved, perhaps, of the failures of its theology.

These facts will illustrate the folly and fallacy of that commonplace of the last century, which said, "It matters not what a man's religion is, so he only believes it, and lives up to it." The truth is, that it matters a great deal for a man, and for his neighbors, when he believes in a bad religion, and lives up to it. I might as well say, "It matters not what the leaven is which I put into the loaf," or it matters not if there is no leaven at all. If the leaven is sour, the loaf will be sour. If there is no leaven, there will be no loaf, except a certain hard bread, fit only for some hurried march, when I can get no better, — wholly unfit for the purposes of constant, healthy life. It is a very bad thing for people to believe in a religion which prejudices them against improvement or reform. It is a very bad thing for men to live by a religion which persuades them that they, or the larger part of their neighbors, are, of eternal necessity, living dead in sin.

I appeal to you, to-day, in behalf of the great missionary association which was formed, a generation ago, to unseat all these heresies from their thrones. It is the call whose object underlies every other appeal which it has been my duty to present to you. I am perfectly confident in saying, that if, for thirty years past, this great Unitarian missionary association had been fitly strengthened for its work, — if it had, for instance, a quarter of a million every year, as it might have had, to expend for the religious civilization of the South and West, — the calamity of to-day would never have lighted upon this country.

I can, it is true, almost see the incredulity with which that statement would be received in some places. I have not been twenty years in my profession, without knowing that men of politics, and men of business, alike, are apt to think that missionaries and good books and pulpits are all on the outside of social order, and that it is currents of trade and political elections which decide the social destinies of men. None the less am I satisfied, that if, for thirty years past, the men who believe in God, and in the universal rights of man, and in theological progress, had maintained, at the South and West, two hundred altars, sacred to all those eternal realities, where they did maintain ten, there would have been, all those years, a steady improvement on the black misery which has wrought our woe. There would have been a passion for more light and more out of God's holy word, and a recognition of all men as brethren, which would have made the calamity of to-day impossible. If you do not believe this, let me tell you the history of four of our Unitarian churches planted in the midst of Southern constituencies, and you shall tell me if you do not wish you had fifty times their number.

Three weeks ago this day, I preached at our Unitarian church in Washington, — a church founded by the zeal of

men of every land, often sustained in its weakness by the good-will of New England. I had the honor to lead the thanksgivings of that church for the restoration of New Orleans. Honor indeed! because it is the only church, in the capital of this nation, whose members join in offering prayers and thanksgivings to God for his triumphs in sustaining his government and law. Not in the church where the family of the President worship, not in any church where a member of the Cabinet worships, is an honest prayer for the triumph of the Union offered by pastor and congregation united. In the one pulpit where a loyal Episcopalian loyally reads the form of prayer of a loyal bishop, the congregation show their disrespect for their own authorities, and for the authorities of the land, by their irreverent refusal to join him in the petition. Our own church, which, in the darkest hour, was a free church, — which had so trained its members then, that Southern men, of Southern prejudices, said its pulpit should be a free pulpit, to say what the preacher chose, however alien to their sentiment his word might be, — is, at this hour, the one beacon-light, to show, in the capital of this nation, that God is really on the side of liberty and law.

A kindred illustration is in the State of Kentucky. You remember the neutrality of Kentucky. You remember how long her fate and her decision hung in the balance. All that time, however, in the city of Louisville, there was the energy of one of our own cities ten times multiplied, in cares for the soldiers, in relief of their sickness and their wounds. When, at the end of this neutrality, Fort Henry fell, and Fort Donaldson, Louisville was as ready as Cincinnati to tend the soldier and to heal. Hospitals, surgeons, nurses, and supplies, all were at hand, governed by the skill which, that summer long, had been caring for the camp and its disease. Of this enterprise, the leader and director

was your Unitarian minister, — the man whose feeble church, when it was feeble, you supported; the man whom you sent thither, and who, but for you, would not have been at hand to pray, to work, and to compel that instant and constant care which saved and blessed your arms.

I remember perfectly, how, in my youth, the preaching of that man, and of one of his Western colleagues, moved me, and determined me, as I thought, to give my life also to the gospel in the Mississippi Valley. Providence has overruled my purposes; but none the less grateful am I to the young Eliot, worthy to bear such apostolic name, for the plea that he made to us, twenty years ago, for the handful of Unitarians then in St. Louis. "Give us something," he said, "and see if we do not, in the end, give more to others." How has that promise been maintained? I will scarcely speak of the action of his church; though, years ago, she secured the emancipation of every slave till then held by her members. I will speak only of him, — of the President of the University of the State, of the head of the charities of St. Louis, — the man, I think, whose counsels were most valued in the West, in every matter of philanthropy and social reform. Were you glad or sorry, a year ago, that you had in that critical point, St. Louis, at that critical time, such a man, — Christian of the Christians, honored of all men, the minister of such a church, carrying such an influence, to preach and to proclaim to men, "Union, Union!" and to show that Union was the very voice of God? In that trembling scale of the destinies of Missouri, could you afford to lose the influence of such a man?

And, if I cross the mountains to the other ocean, my lesson is the same. "What," asked some one of the man best informed in Washington, — "what wrought the change which has come over California? What sends

an influence here for freedom and law, from a State whose representatives but just now were brawlers and murderers, their vote wholly abject beneath the ruling power of that day?" — "The change," said the gentleman to whom he spoke, "is the work of one man. It is one young man, who, going up and down that land, lecturing, writing, preaching, ready everywhere and always for God's right, for temperance, for charity, for freedom, and for union, — all involved in the empire of religion, — has saved California from the intriguers, and made her show herself, what she is, child of honest industry, free born. And the name of this young man? Ah! my friends, we wept when he left us. They asked us for our best jewel; and we gave it, with our blessing, but with our tears. But we had a partial compensation, when the veteran general of our armies, reviewing one day the politics of the Union, said, —

"California was kept loyal to this nation by a young clergyman of San Francisco. His name," said Gen. Scott, — "his name is King."

Such are the fruits, my friends, — not ecclesiastical, but social, moral, political, Christian, — which four of your missionary churches have won for you. They ceased long since to be missionary churches: they are all feeding others from their life. Except our martyr-church at Lawrence, the last three are the only churches you have south of the Potomac, the Ohio, and the Missouri. Which of them can you spare? Would God that the liberality of our fathers had planted there fifty times as many!

AN INQUIRY.

Dear Sir, — Will it come within the scope of the "Journal" to give me some light upon the following question? What is the present state of the controversy between those who accept and those who reject Paley's argument, from design, of the existence of God? Many years since, I was educated in the Paley theory, and read much upon both sides at that time. I was not able then to see the fallacy in his *principle*, although I could see that it was not carried out as far as it should be. But many of our best scholars reject it entirely, and, I believe, yourself among the rest, as untenable, and even disastrous. Will you be kind enough to state the argument as it now stands, *pro* and *con.*? It is objected to Paley's theory, that it only proves the existence of the cause of what we *know* as effects which would give us a finite Creator; whereas our sense of God demands an infinite Being. But suppose we regard that "sense of God" itself as an effect; suppose our sense of infinite power, wisdom, goodness, beauty, be regarded as a fact in nature: do not such effects demand an infinite Cause? Is not this very criticism of Paley's argument a vindication of his *principle*? Is not this feeling, planted in every bosom, operative long before it is comprehended, that God *must be* an infinite Being, — is not that the most wonderful of all instances of design? It bridges many chasms in our logic, and enables the mind to climb the ladder of reasoning, from the mortal to the immortal, from the finite to the infinite. It is the wing on which we fly from feeble premises to sublime conclusions; from the little world of our conception to the infinite realm of reality. Could any thing prove a more tender care, or a more thoughtful design, than this? What is the adapta-

tion of the bird's wing to the air, or the fish's fin to the water, compared with such an adaptation of the aspiring, praying heart of man to the Being in whom it must live and move, and have its being?

It may be said that men believed in the Deity ages before they reasoned about him, and that this intuitive sense of God must, therefore, precede all argument and all inquiry. But it does not appear that Paley would have had any difficulty with this objection. The intuition of the Infinite is indeed sufficient, until its conclusions are denied by the speculative understanding. The world began, as every child begins life, by trusting entirely in intuition. Therein is the wisdom of a little child. But there comes a time, in the development of both the individual and the world, when the understanding finds itself at variance with these intuitions. Hence arises a conflict, which terminates only with the discovery, that the two are opposite sides of the same arch of belief, which, springing from separate foundations, unite in the same keystone of *faith*.

NOTES ON THE ABOVE.

1. Paley has proved, conclusively, what? Simply this: We see, everywhere in nature, *adaptation*. We do not see *design:* we see adaptation. I see that the plant is adapted, by its roots, to the earth; by its leaves, to the air; by its substance, to be the food of animals. I see that animals are adapted, by their bodies, to walk on the earth; by their wings, to fly in the air; by their fins and gills and cold blood, to inhabit the water; by their lungs, to breathe the atmosphere; by their eyes, to see, by means of light. I see, in like manner, earth, air, light, adapted to the capacities of animals and plants. I thus see a manifold, intricate web of adaptations, connecting together the earth, with all its contents, — animal, vegetable, and mineral, — with the

sun and the stars. *Seeing* all this adaptation, my reason, by a necessary and inevitable process, *infers design.* I SEE ADAPTATION, AND INFER DESIGN.

2. But design, carried out in action, implies an intelligent creator or creators. Design, carried out for the general good of the creation, implies *a benevolent*, intelligent creator or creators. Design, carried out in a web of existences, all harmonized into a united whole, implies *unity* either of being or of plan. Therefore, by the sight and study of the adaptations of the creation, we are brought, by an inevitable logic, to a belief in one intelligent and benevolent Being who made the worlds, or a council of harmonious beings who made the worlds.

3. This is as far as the argument from design (or, as I should rather call it, from adaptation) will carry us. What is wanting to complete the idea of God? Unity and infinity. Or, as there can be but one infinite Being, what we need, and find wanting in Paley's argument (as our correspondent suggests), is the idea of the Absolute, or unconditioned Being; which is essential to our idea of God.

That this is really wanting, so far as Paley and his argument go, is evident. All the adaptations we see, and all the design we infer, may have resulted from the combined action of several beings, far above men, yet far below the Infinite, acting harmoniously together. If we saw the whole universe, and knew it to be infinite, then we might infer that its Maker and Arranger was infinite. But we only see and know a limited, finite portion of the universe. Our telescopes penetrate far into space; but the few billions of billions of diameters of the earth's orbit which they sweep is nothing, mathematically nothing, to an infinite universe. No inference from finite facts can give us an infinite Cause, *unless the mind itself supplies the idea of the Infinite.*

4. That the mind does itself supply this idea, is certain; and all the reasoning of Mr. Mansell cannot disprove it. Every human being, as soon as he begins to think, finds himself thinking of all existing things as existing in unbounded space, and all passing events as occurring in unbounded time. Space and time are unbounded to us, not in the sense of indefinite only, but in the sense of infinite; that is, we not only do not know their bounds, but we know that they have no bounds. We believe this, just as we believe our own existence, because we cannot help it. It is a law of the reason which compels us to believe that there is not, and cannot be, boundaries to space or to time.

5. The real difficulty, then, is this: Given, on the one hand, by the argument of Paley, the fact of benevolent, harmonious, creative design; and given, on the other hand, by the reason itself, the idea of the Infinite: how are these to be united, so as to have an infinite, creative Designer? This is the real and only difficulty in the whole argument.

This difficulty, however, as our correspondent has so well pointed out, is only an intellectual difficulty, not a practical difficulty. We do, in fact, connect the two ideas. We do, in fact, believe in an infinite Creator. As soon as we perceive adaptation, and are conscious of the Infinite, we unite the two into one conception. The only difficulty is in analyzing the process, and showing how it is done. This we shall not undertake to do at this time. But it seems to us that there is in the soul a sense of an infinite dependence, implying an infinite or absolute support. We lean, not on any finite thing, but on the infinite Being, which supports all finite being. But our own finite Being is free, loving, and intelligent: consequently we have a necessary conception, given in the very sense of dependence,

of an infinite Being, who is infinitely free, loving, and intelligent. This conception is the conception of God given in the soul. Vague at first, it becomes clear and deep, as our own moral and religious life becomes clearer and deeper. What we see of design in nature does not give us this idea of an infinite God, but shows us his character in his works.

THE REMISSION BY BLOOD.

THIS is the title of an excellent sermon by Rev. Cyrus A. Bartol. In it he shows how necessary war may become under certain circumstances. He then goes on to pay affectionate tributes to the members of his own society who have given their blood as a ransom, to be testified in due time, for the sins of the nation.

The doctrine of the sermon, that suffering and death are necessary to expiate sin, and that this suffering may often fall on the innocent, is certainly true; and this truth is fully illustrated in the present war.

The reason why there is no remission without bloodshed is, that sin tends necessarily to strife and war, and that evil principles are not fully seen and known till they lead to bloodshed and death. War is the logical terminus of selfishness. Two selfish nations will at last fight when their selfish interests clash; two selfish halves of the same nation will at last fight when their interests clash. The interest of freedom and that of slavery are hostile: freedom, therefore, will at last fight with slavery, and slavery with freedom. The only thing that could have prevented

this war, would have been to have made smaller sacrifices sooner; to have given up some of our profits on Southern trade, by resisting Southern aggression; to have been firm and conscientious in opposing the progress of this great evil before it became so mighty.

It is evident to all, that we are now expiating some great national sin. What is it? There are two theories on this subject. One theory is that expressed by the orator of the city of Boston on the Fourth of July. This theory may be thus stated: The sin which has brought all these woes upon us is that of humanity. We have been too humane and philanthropic. We have thought too much of the rights of others. We have tried too much to love our neighbor as ourselves. We have cared too much for the black man; have had too strong an admiration and love for him; have done too much for him. We have deplored his slavery, and have talked about setting him free. We have held a few antislavery meetings; and the majority of the nation have elected a President opposed to having any further extension of this institution. The City Government of Boston, with its orator and chaplain, eighteen hundred and sixty-two years after the birth of him who came to break every yoke and let the oppressed go free; and eighty-six years after the great Declaration of Independence, which proclaimed to the admiring world that it was a self-evident truth that all were equal, — seems to hold this view. It celebrated that Declaration by denying some of its principles. It honored the fathers by renouncing their ideas. It seemed to think that God has begun to punish us because we have begun to do right; and that this awful war has come upon us because we have resisted tyranny a very little, said a few feeble words against a giant wrong, and, in a very careful and conservative way, have begun to walk in the direction of Christianity and of the Declaration of Independence.

That is one theory.

There is another and an opposite one.

The opposite theory is, that a republic cannot be founded at the same time on freedom and slavery; that the two are incompatible; and that one or the other must go down. Those who hold this view think that this war is the natural and legitimate result of having in one State two hostile and contradictory elements. They see that the Rebellion is a Rebellion of slaveholders, and pro-slavery men in the interests of slavery; that slavery is rebellion, and rebellion is slavery; that these are two words for the same thing; and that to try to strike rebellion without hurting slavery, is like trying to strike Napoleon without hurting Bonaparte.

They see, as they think, that GOD is in this war; that he is taking part, as of old, with the oppressed against their oppressors, with the enslaved against their enslavers. As he had led three millions of slaves out of Egyptian bondage, so they see him to-day leading four millions of slaves out of American bondage. They feel, therefore, that, until this war is made openly and avowedly a war of principle, God has no attributes which would lead him to take our side rather than the other; that, as long as the North is no more fighting for freedom than the South, God is as much on its side as on ours, and that we may expect defeat and disaster. They feel that all this evil, these woes and sufferings, are the bloody expiation of past and present infidelity and sin. They say that we are very guilty concerning our brother; and they cannot hope for the sympathy of patriots and friends of liberty anywhere, or be safe against the intervention of foreign governments, until we place ourselves in the right on this great question. This theory, however, is, not that the war is, or ought to be, a war for abolition, but that, in fighting for the

Union, we cannot fight effectually or successfully until we declare that we know no such thing as slavery or a slave. They say we shall never succeed in this war until we declare that we shall receive as firm and loyal men *all* who come to fight for the Union, and that we shall recognize no such thing as slavery wherever the stars and stripes flow. Where our armies move, there freedom must move. We cannot serve two masters any longer. We cannot use half an army to fight the slaveholders, and the other half to hold their slaves in bondage for them.

This last theory seems to us the truest. We do not know how long it will be before the Government, the armies, and the people, take this position; but, until they do take it, we foresee nothing but disaster on disaster, woe on woe.

SOUL AND BODY.

There are two manifestations of Christianity, — the visible and the invisible manifestation. Invisible Christianity is a leaven hid in three measures of meal till the whole is leavened: visible Christianity is the mustard-seed, the least of all seeds, which, when it is grown, becomes a tree, in which the birds of the air build their nests. Or, again, Christianity is a spirit and an institution. It is a spirit of power, love, and a sound mind. But it is also an institution, an organization, a body corporate; or, as we are accustomed to say, a church.

Christianity thus consists of two parts, — a soul and a body. These two should be united. They need each other. The soul needs the body as its instrument; and the body without the soul is dead, and can neither act nor

grow. Churches differ from each other in the matter of life: some have more, some less. All, it may be presumed, have a little. But Christ has come, not only that we may have life, but that we may have it more abundantly.

But Christianity as a spirit never exactly coincides with Christianity as a body. There is a good deal of the spirit of Christianity outside of the Church, and a good deal of the Church uninformed by the Spirit. The spirit of Jesus, unorganized in any institution, breathes, like the wind, where it will. A locomotive can only run on a track; a carriage, only on a road. But the wind flows, unconfined by any channel. There is no track laid in the sky for the north wind to run upon. So the subtle spirit of the gospel sweeps through the churches, into streets and alleys; dwells in the souls of heretics, in the hearts of misbelievers; prompts to some generosity, to some integrity, those whose feet never enter the house of God. It is a great comfort that it is so. Still, we desire organized Christianity as well as unorganized Christianity; and in organized Christianity, as in individual existence, we want a sound mind in a sound body.

We may assume that it is the object of all true religion to produce a moral influence on the human soul. This is the aim of every system of Christianity. They differ in the means which they employ, rather than in the end which they propose. The great ecclesiastical systems — viz., the Greek Church, the Church of Rome, and the Church of England — attempt it by means of church discipline. Their plan is to work from without in. By the steady, constant pressure of a system of ceremonies which apply religion to every part of life, they endeavor gradually to form the character, and make it what it ought to be.

Nearly all Protestant churches adopt a different method. The formation of Christian character is still the aim; but

the means are different. The means are to apply truths to the mind, not ceremonies to the conduct. They begin with conviction, not action. They work from within out, and not the other way.

The chief practical difference between Catholic and Protestant modes of action may perhaps lie here. But may not the time come when both shall be united, and the religious life move in both directions, — from the body to the soul, and from the soul to the body?

THE HOLY FALSEHOOD.

Lately, in the "New-York Independent," we were rather surprised to meet, in the children's department, the Legend of St. Elizabeth and the Roses, presented, without note or comment, for the edification of the youthful or senile readers. This mediæval story relates, as most of us know, how this dear lady loved the poor, and gave away such quantities of provision to the beggars, that, at last, her husband objected. This husband, by name Count Davis the Good, thought his wife went too far, and ordered her to give no more. To obey her husband was a Catholic duty; to give to the poor, a Catholic act of merit: which should have the *pas?* which should have the right of way? Merit before duty was the good lady's choice; or, to put it more favorably, humanity and benevolence before obedience. So she took two basketsful of cold meats and the like, and, going with them to feed the hungry, met her husband in midway. At the sight of the good count, the saint grew pale with terror. "Ho, Lisbeth!" said he, (counts in those days always said, "Ho!") "what hast thou hidden in thy mantel?"

"Roses, my lord," said the saintly lady, telling a holy lie, through fear of the good count, her husband; who

immediately proceeded, after the proper fashion, to utter several regulation interjections, such as, "By my troth!" "Gramercy!" and the like. Having thus established his title to be a mediæval knight, he plucked the mantel from the basket, and beheld —

A miracle had been wrought to conceal the holy falsehood! God had changed the meat into roses, in order to preserve the saintly Elizabeth from being scolded by her husband!

Now, such a story was very well in the "ages of faith," which valued almsgiving greatly, and truth-telling not at all. But it seems to us that to reproduce it in the "Independent," in these days, is hardly the thing. That God should work a miracle because a kind-hearted lady has disobeyed her husband, and told a lie, has not verisimilitude enough for this age, which is not one of the "ages of faith."

A TRUE CHURCH.

(From a Tract by R. C.)

The general idea of a true church in our day is, that it is made up of a select body of men and women as nearly perfect as can be in *creed* and conduct. Those who have no creed, if their life is good, are a sort of outer-court worshippers; while the wicked, or those who can give no good account either of creed or conduct, are put entirely outside. There is, however, a better conviction at this time growing down into the heart of the people; namely, that true and good men and women of all creeds, or of none at all, form the true Church, the Church of the living God, the pillar and ground of the truth. The writer had a flash of this truth, when, riding over the prairies of Iowa one sunny morning last June, he came upon great beds of flowers, growing in a wild, sweet freedom, that he used to

protect and pet, down in Pennsylvania, in a small garden plat. If there shall come out, in the life, grace, beauty, and sweetness, that is the proof that it is a flower of the garden of God, wherever it grows. The Church will often be as a fence to protect it; ordinances will be as the watering-pot to help it flourish in the dry seasons of the soul: but the intrinsic nature God has given it, with the rain and sunshine of the great spiritual heavens that bend over us all, will mark our place in the book of the divine plaza, grow where we may.

I will go one step further, and inquire, whether the idea of a church does not take in a good deal more than even this. I have a deepening conviction, that all men and women who are not good, but want to be, though the desire at first be ever so selfish, if the good and strong can get hold of their hearts in any way, so as to hold out any hope that they may finally be brought to God and good living, are from that moment members of the true Church; that no church can be true which does not recognize and do this work; and that great forces are being treasured up in most of us by which this work may be done. The Church of Jesus Christ, formed in his own lifetime, was in strict harmony with this general fact. I will note that, and one of the apostolic churches, for instances of how true churches do their work and earn their title. We know something of the history of five out of the twelve original members of the Church of Christ previous to their joining it. Four were fishermen, one a tax-collector. Fishermen and sailors are not famous for piety anywhere; and we have no evidence that these men were better than their class at the start. The publican belonged to a body in that day so notable for extortion, that Cicero tells us, how, one having died in Rome who had never been known to do a piece of knavery, his honesty was deemed so remarkable, that it was mentioned on his tombstone. Of this Matthew, at the time of his call, we only know that he

made a feast, and invited Jesus to meet a number of his own set; and the Pharisees found fault because he sat at meat with publicans and sinners. In his reply, Jesus admits that they *are* sinners, and does not except his new disciple; then teaches that he visits them because they are sinners, as the doctor visits the sick. The veneration of Christendom has invested the career of eleven of the twelve disciples with a worshipful dignity, that cannot be claimed for them, with any fairness, during the visible life of the Master. When we get at the heart of it, there is in them a curious mingling of higher and lower motives. They all come to love the dear friend, when once they come to know him; but they also expect that their devotion to his *cause* is going to pay in the most material fashion. At the very last, the rest all feel indignant when that fond mother comes and asks that her two sons shall have the best places, (how natural!) when Jesus shall be Messiah, the prince. They all cling to the idea, that they will gain riches and power with their religion; the Jewish nation, greatest in all the earth, themselves the greatest Jews. Such were the men in these first years of their public life, not really true-hearted or grace-full; yet all our sense of this imperfection passes away, and we look at them through the glory of their latter days. So it is the old experience of all the great ones who have died in the presence of God: their body, the corruptible in them, is not found unto this day. God has buried it.

READING FOR THE SOLDIERS.

In the Annual Report, published in the last number of this Journal, our readers were informed of the use made, during the past year, of the Army Fund. From the account of the July meeting of the Executive Committee,

contained in the present number, they have learned what plan has been adopted for disposing of the small balance remaining in the treasury.

Last year, the Association furnished, to the men just entering upon a military life, reading fitted to make them good soldiers, — earnest, true, and brave ; and to give them correct views of the noble struggle in which they were about to engage.

Since that time, many bloody battles have been fought, and disease has been busily at work ; and now thousands of these soldiers are lying, weak and suffering, in the hospitals. They need bodily strength, and relief from physical pain ; and the men and women who are laboring to aid them thus are worthy of all praise : but they need no less to be cheered and comforted in mind.

To meet this want, the Executive Committee propose to provide reading for the soldiers in the hospitals, and to *commence* the work, with the limited means at present in their hands ; though but little can be done, unless more money is placed at their disposal.

The Committee confidently believe there are those both able and willing to help them in the work they have undertaken. Should this meet the eye of any such persons, they will hardly need to be reminded, that all sums, large or small, will be acceptable, and that *promptness* in contributing is greatly to be desired.

One tract, "The Home to the Hospital," by Rev. John F. W. Ware, has already been issued ; and gentlemen who have read it, and are thoroughly qualified to give an opinion, pronounce it admirably adapted to the object for which it was written. That it will prove a blessing to every sick and wounded soldier who is so fortunate as to obtain it, there can be no doubt. Rev. Robert Collyer, of Chicago, has consented to prepare another tract for the same purpose ; and no man is better qualified than he to succeed in such an undertaking.

Whatever he writes, it may be safely predicted, will be abundantly worthy of a wide distribution. It is to be hoped that means will be furnished sufficient to place these two tracts in the hands of every soldier in our hospitals.

Before leaving this subject, it will be well to state, that, while providing thus for the wants of *sick* soldiers, the Committee are not unmindful of those who are now serving in the field, nor of the three hundred thousand recruits soon to join them. They are specially anxious to furnish copies of the "Soldier's Companion" to some of the regiments now forming; and would gladly supply them all both with that book, and with the five tracts published last year. But, to do this, money is needed. Just so far as the means are received will this excellent work be carried on.

MEETINGS OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

July 14, 1862. — Present, Messrs. Stebbins, Emerson, Clarke, Brigham, Newell, Barrett, Hinckley, Winkley, Ware, Sawyer, Smith, and Fox.

The Committee on Publications, to whom were referred, at the last meeting, all matters connected with the Army Fund, reported that they had made arrangements to issue two tracts suitable for the soldiers in the hospitals, to be written by Rev. J. F. W. Ware and Rev. Robert Collyer.

The same Committee also made a report concerning the management of the "Monthly Journal;" and, after some discussion, the following plan, suggested by the present editor, was decided upon: viz., Mr. Clarke to continue to act as editor, and furnish one-half of the matter needed for each number; the remainder to be furnished by the members of the Committee on Publications, each one of whom should be responsible for an equal share of the full number of pages required during the year.

This Committee further reported, that they had authorized the Secretary to send a copy of each of the publications of the Association to the American Baptist Historical Society, at Philadelphia, Penn.; the Redwood Library, at Newport, R.I.; and the Liberal Christian Union, at North Chester, Vt.

Some conversation occurred in relation to the income of the Perkins Fund; and the Committee on Aid to Theological Students were instructed to report to the Board, at some future meeting, concerning the best time for making appropriations from this fund.

The Committee on Western Correspondence reported that a reply had been sent to the application of the society at Fond du Lac, Wis., in accordance with the opinion of the Board, as expressed at the last meeting. They also presented some information obtained by them concerning the work commenced by Rev. Fred. Rentzch, in Chicago, Ill.; and were instructed to write to him that nothing could be done now, but that perhaps some aid would be granted in the fall.

The same Committee presented an application for aid from the society in Trenton, N.Y.; and, in accordance with their recommendation, the sum of seventy-five dollars was appropriated for this object.

The Finance Committee reported in part on the subject referred to them at the last meeting; and their report was accepted.

On motion of Mr. Sawyer, it was voted that the members of the Executive Committee, residing out of Boston, be authorized to draw from the treasury the amount of expenses incurred in attending the meetings of the full Committee or of the Subcommittees.

It was also voted, on motion of the same gentleman, that the Committees on New-England and Western Correspondence, in presenting to the Executive Committee applications for aid, be directed to present the name of

the church or society, the name of the pastor, the number of families worshipping in the church, the average attendance, the amount of annual expenses, together with the names of three prominent persons connected with the church or society.

The Board then adjourned to Monday, Aug. 4.

BOOK NOTICE.

The Golden Hour. By MONCURE D. CONWAY, author of "The Rejected Stone." Impera parendo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1862.

This is the very best word written about the present crisis. The doctrine is the one which is unanimously rejected now by the solid, sensible, practical men of the community; and will be unanimously believed by all the solid, sensible, practical men of the next generation. The book lays the axe at the root of the tree. It ascribes the present Rebellion, not to Jefferson Davis, but to the slave system, of which he is himself the slave. It pities the South, and abhors their evil institution.

When the former book, "The Rejected Stone," was published, a good lady in Worcester County took a half-dollar she had laid aside, and, investing it in a copy, sent it, with her respects, to President Lincoln. After a little while, she received an acknowledgment of the receipt of the book, and a promise to read it. The President, we learn, carried it about in his pocket, reading it as he had opportunity. Perhaps no half-dollar ever did more good. If that lady has another half-dollar laid aside, she had better repeat the experiment with the present book. The President will, at least, enjoy the stories, and will probably repeat them to his visitors. Our honest and sensible Abraham Lincoln likes good stories, and will like this book for their sake, and perhaps, also, for its more valuable contents.

INTELLIGENCE.

Rev. SAMUEL W. M'DANIEL was installed as pastor of the Union Society, in Feltonville, Mass., on Thursday, July 3. The order of services was as follows: Anthem; introductory

prayer, by Rev. T. B. Forbush, of Northborough; reading from Scriptures, by Rev. Jared M. Hurd, of Clinton; hymn; sermon, by Rev. William P. Tilden, of Fitchburg; prayer of installation, by Rev. George W. Stacy, of Milford; charge, by Rev. Eli Fay, of Leominster; right hand of fellowship, by Rev. William C. Tenney, of Marlborough; hymn; address to the society, by Rev. Alonzo Hill, D.D., of Worcester; concluding prayer, by Rev. Henry H. Barber, of Harvard; anthem; benediction, by the pastor.

Rev. Joseph F. Lovering was installed as pastor of the Second Unitarian Society in Portland, Me., on Wednesday, July 2. The order of services was as follows: Voluntary; introductory prayer, by Rev. John T. G. Nichols, of Saco; reading of the Scriptures, by Rev. Joshua A. Swan, of Kennebunk; hymn; sermon, by Rev. William R. Alger, of Boston; prayer of installation, by Rev. D. N. Sheldon, D.D., of Waterville; chant; charge, by Rev. Cyrus A. Bartol, D.D., of Boston; right hand of fellowship, by Rev. Horatio Stebbins, of Portland; hymn; address to the people, by Rev. E. C. Bolles, of Portland; concluding prayer, by Rev. Amos D. Wheeler, D.D., of Brunswick; anthem; benediction, by the pastor.

The Tenth Annual Conference of the Western Unitarian Churches was held at Detroit, Mich., June 19, 20, and 21. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Rev. G. W. Hosmer, D.D., of Buffalo, N.Y. Vice-Presidents, Judge George Hoadley, of Cincinnati, Ohio; and William H. Metcalf, Esq., of Milwaukee, Wis. Recording Secretary, Rev. S. S. Hunting, of Detroit, Mich. Corresponding Secretary, Rev. Richard Metcalf, of Meadville, Penn. Treasurer, Henry Lee, Esq. Executive Committee, Rev. J. H. Heywood, of Louisville, Ky.; Rev. C. A. Staples, of Milwaukee, Wis.; Rev. Robert Collyer, of Chicago, Ill.; A. Elder, Esq.; and Artemas Carter, Esq.

The Anniversary Exercises of the Meadville Theological School were celebrated on Thursday, June 26. The following gentlemen composed the graduating class: Charles W. Buck, of Boston, Mass.; George L. Chaney, of Salem, Mass.; Jos. Kinney, of Sherman, N.Y.; W. T. Phelan, of Sterling, Mass.; George S. Shaw, of New Bedford, Mass.; A. W. Stevens, of Barre, Mass.; and Thomas Vickers, of Boston, Mass.

The Annual Visitation of the Cambridge Divinity School occurred on Tuesday, July 15. The following gentlemen had parts on that occasion, and composed the graduating class: James De Normandie, Ed. I. Galvin, Fred. M. Holland, John C. Learned, William G. Nowell, George F. Piper, James Sallaway, and Samuel B. Stewart.

Rev. MARTIN W. WILLIS, formerly of Nashua, N.H., has received a call from the society in Quincy, Ill.

Mr. SAMUEL B. STUART, a graduate, the present year, from the Cambridge Divinity School, has received a call from the society in Nashua, N.H.

MR. GEORGE L. CHANEY, of Salem, a graduate of the Meadville Theological School in the class of this year, has received a call from the Hollis-street Society, Boston.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

1862.			
June 18.	From	a friend, as a contribution for books	$10.00
„ 24.	„	Society in Waltham, as a donation	40.50
„ 25.	„	Society in Groton, for Monthly Journal, additional	1.00
„ 27.	„	Society in Newport, R.I., for Monthly Journals	45.00
July 5.	„	Society in Dedham, as a donation	29.00
„ 7.	„	Rev. J. F. W. Ware's Society, Cambridgeport, as a donation	73.06
„ „	„	Society in Bridgewater, for Monthly Journals.	25.00
„ 9.	„	Rev. Dr. Putnam's Society, Roxbury, for Monthly Journals	25.00
„ 10.	„	Society in New Bedford, as a donation . . .	200.00
„ 14.	„	Rev. Fred. Hinckley's Society, Lowell, for Monthly Journal, additional	1.00
„ „	„	Rev. F. A. Farley, D.D., trustee, as income of Graham Fund	108.50
„ 17.	„	Mount-Pleasant Society, Roxbury, for Monthly Journals, additional	2.00
„ 18.	„	Society in Marlborough, for Monthly Journals	24.00
„ „	„	Society in Lancaster, Mass., for Monthly Journals $20.00	
		As a donation 20.00	
			40.00
„ 21.	„	Mrs. Lucy Breckinridge, Louisville, Ky., to complete her life-membership	12.00

CANDIDATES FOR SETTLEMENT.

This list will be corrected monthly. Brethren desiring their names entered, or address changed, will please indicate the same to the Secretary of the A. U. A.

The * affixed to the word "Boston" indicates the address, — "Care of American Unitarian Association, Boston."

Preachers.	Address.
John B. Beach	Meadville, Penn.
La Fayette Bushnell, care of "Christian Inquirer,"	New York.
F. L. Capen . . . Care of Barnard Capen, Esq.	Boston.
William Cushing	Clinton.
J. H. Fowler	Cambridge.
Ed. I. Galvin	Cambridge.
Merritt E. Goddard	Cambridge.
Fred. M. Holland	Dorchester.
John W. Hudson	Springfield.
John C. Learned	Cambridge.
John M. Marsters	North Cambridge.
Lyman Maynard	Milford, Mass.
William Gray Nowell	Portsmouth, N.H.
John Orrell	Boston.*
George Osgood	Kensington, N.H.
J. M. Peirce	Cambridge.
George F. Piper	Cambridge.
Thomas H. Pons	Boston.*
D. H. Ranney	W. Brattleboro', Vt.
James Richardson	Boston.*
Ed. G. Russell	Cambridge.
James Sallaway	Cambridge.
George W. Stacy	Milford.
Livingston Stone	Cambridgeport.
L. G. Ware	Boston.*
Daniel A. Whitney	Southborough.
George S. Williams	Deerfield.
Martin W. Willis	Nashua, N.H.
Samuel D. Worden	Lowell.
William C. Wyman	Brooklyn, N.Y.
J. C. Zachos	Cincinnati, O.